

The Gates Of Memory



*Recollections of Early
Santa Ynez Valley*

By Grace L. Davison

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*The Gates
Of Memory*

*This book is dedicated
to the memory of
my husband,*

*Edgar B. Davison
whose name
I am proud to bear.*

*And
it is in answer to
“Why don’t you write a book?”*

— THE AUTHOR

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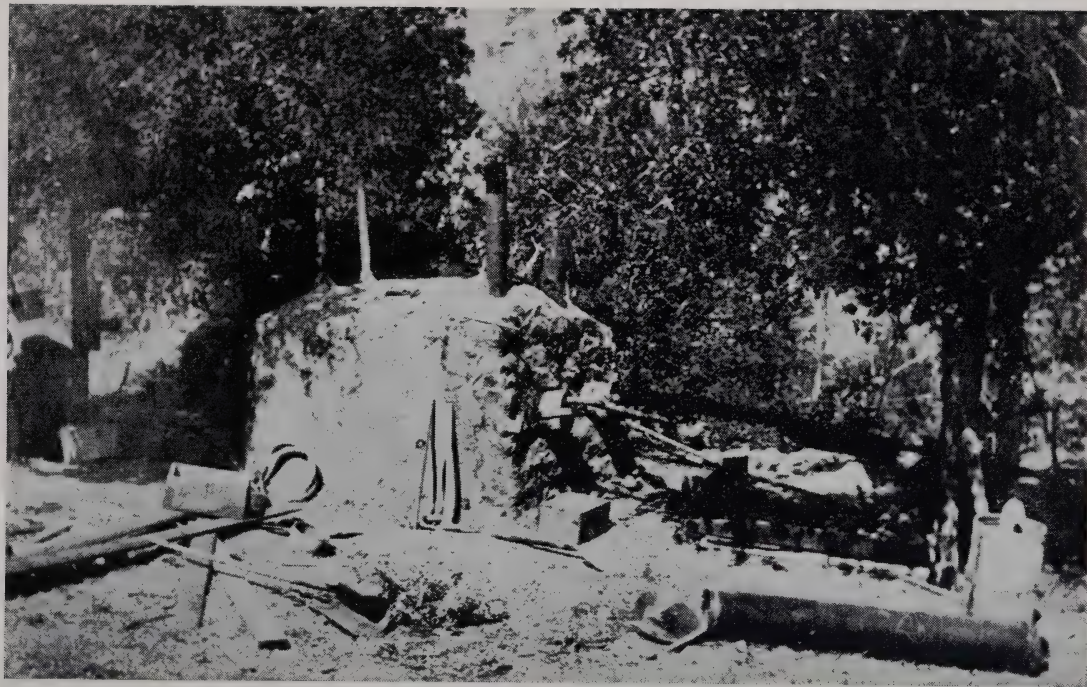
Introduction



S, AFTER many years, the opening of flood gates releases pent up waters in a vast overwhelming flood, so does the opening of the gates of memory release the stored-up recollections of a lifetime.

Some of these memories are clear-cut and distinct, and stand out against a background of the dim past, the events of which can only be conjectured. These are memories of what one delights in calling the Early Days, when the lovely valley of the Santa Ynez was "new".

One remembers with nostalgic yearning the unspoiled countryside: The wealth of native trees, luxuriant wild oats, and in the spring the wild flowers, covering hill and valley. The thoughts, dreaming back, like to dwell on the time when the fields were fenceless, the streams bridgeless, and "No Trespassing" signs were unknown. One sees, in fancy, the time when the primitive Indian was the sole possessor of the land. A fair picture of their life is revealed to us through the evidences they have left



EARLY DAY RETORT IN QUICK SILVER MINES — Cachuma Canyon

behind; evidences of a time when the forests and streams of the countryside furnished the simple demands for clothing, food and habitation. We benefit from their occupation, for some of their interesting and descriptive place-names have become a part of our heritage. The name "Zaca", given to that lovely body of water hidden in the San Rafael Mountains, is said to be of Indian origin and means "Hidden Waters". Few indeed know that the name given to what we call "Zaca Peak" was to the Indians El-alihay and that the old Indian burying ground under the shadow of the peak was called by them "So-to-co-moo". The Indian rancheria in the head of Cachuma Canyon was "A-qui-mi-li-mi". This information was forthcoming from old settlers of the San Rafaels, three of whom, Jesus Figueroa, Chico Corrales, and Antonio Gonzales, one wet stormy night were guests at a Forest Ranger's lonely cabin. There, as they warmed their chilled bodies before the blazing pine log fire, they spoke at length of the treasured "old days" to their young host.

The names of these old fellows are perpetuated in Figueroa Mountain, and Corrales Canyon, and the Gonzales Rancho at the mouth of Cachuma Canyon.

Right in the heart of the valley lies the Marcelino Rancho, belonging to the Janin family. Marcelino, an Indian of much prominence among his people, was the original owner of the land. When the Janin ranchhouse was recently destroyed by fire, there was revealed an old abobe house, which according to

the best information obtainable, was built by Marcelino at the time when Old Mission Santa Ines was erected in 1804. When Louis Janin, at one time, State Minerologist, years later secured the land, he built his house around the ancient adobe, thus preserving it. The row of pear trees on this ranch is said to date back to the early mission period, a poignant reminder of the days that were. These trees are dead now, but in the spring of the year, when their white blossoms burst forth among the gnarled branches swathed in gray moss, or in the autumn, when the leaves were flaming scarlet, they were things of beauty. All honor is due to those who have thought it worth while to have preserved them for many years, as a link between yesterday and today.

Another Indian name has crept into our valley's history, that of "Jonata," a part of the name given by R. T. Buell, intrepid New Englander, to his great 27,000 acre ranch "San Carlos de Jonata." Jonata is said to mean "wooded country."

When the Spanish explorers arrived, they brought with them missionaries to minister to the natives of the newly discovered country. To these explorers, who claimed the lands for the King of Spain, large grants containing 30,000 or more acres were given. Also receiving grants were those who had rendered some special service to their king. These great tracts, given names of beauty and meaning, have formed a background for the history of the region, past and present. Such descriptive and melodious names as



ZACA LAKE
(Indian name, "Hidden Waters".)

“Las Lomas de Purificacion” (the hills of the Purification), “Canada de Los Pinos” (canyon of the pines), “Alisal” (the sycamore), and “Nojoqui,” originally spelled “Nojogui,” the meaning of which is not well established, are only a few of the picturesque names. Some of these ranches have lost their identity through subdivision, but the remembrance of the old names still adds charm and romance to this, the loveliest of valleys.

The Spanish era brought romance and glamour, gracious living, fiestas and hospitality, an epoch unparalleled in the valley’s history. These carefree people left for the region that richness and dignity of background which gives it an unique place in today’s world.

When the Gold Rush days brought thousands of men from all parts of the world to California in search of the new-found treasure, it was inevitable that some would wander farther south in search of homes, in a country that had so much to offer in addition to gold. In 1856 a few travelers came into the valley, and in 1860 Ballard’s Station was built to accommodate the stage coach line which ran through the valley, from San Francisco to Yuma, Arizona. It was not until 1880 that an influx of farmers arrived, and grain raising was added as an industry to the raising of cattle, sheep and hogs. Small towns sprang up, and many activities which are necessary to community life were established. Ballard, the oldest town, was followed by Santa Ynez, Los Olivos, Solvang and Buellton, covering

a period of time from 1880 until 1920.

The story of some of the great ranches lends a colorful background to the building of the towns, and gives a partial realization of how great is our valley's heritage.

Rancho Santa Rosa



THE STORY of the Santa Rosa Rancho, situated in the lower Santa Ynez Valley, has an important, historical relationship to some of the other well known ranches, as well as forming a background for some of the valley's oldest families.

The story begins with the birth of Pablo Antonio Alfredo de Cota. He was born in Galacia, Spain, and is said to have come to California with Fra. Junipero Serra. Cota was named "Agente del Rey Espana," or agent of the King of Spain, to parcel out land grants. He kept for himself Rancho la Gaviota, part of Rancho Nojogui, and Santa Rosa. Antonio de Cota married Rosalia Lugo. Her patron saint was Santa Rosa, and that name was given to the rancho which became her home. One of the children of their union was Francisco, to whom the rights of ownership descended on July 30, 1839, according to old records. It then consisted of 15,540 acres. An addition was made on November 19, 1845, and the United States patent issued April 30, 1872,

lists 16,525.55 acres.

Francisco Cota married Maria Jesus Olivera. Of this marriage, ten children were born, among them a daughter, Micaela, who later became the wife of Dr. Roman de la Cuesta.

With the exception of Mission Santa Ines, built in 1804, the Santa Rosa Ranch house is the oldest of the Santa Ynez Valley adobes (also excepting, perhaps, Marcelino), and is in a good state of repair. The walls are four feet thick, and the timbers, like those of the Mission, were brought out from the back country of the San Rafael Mountains by Indian laborers who assisted Francisco in building the spacious tile roofed house. It is situated on a knoll, commanding an outlook of the surrounding country, a location necessary in those days of banditry.


Rumors of General Fremont's coming led Santa Rosa's owner, as well as other ranchers, to prepare for invasion in the event the General proved to be unfriendly. Valuables were buried, and cattle and horses were driven into the mountains with Indians to guard them. Only enough stock was left on the ranch to replenish the needs of Fremont and his men should they prove amicable. Such was the case, of course, and when he arrived he remained to rest with his men, and fresh mounts were provided for their journey toward Santa Barbara.

In 1868 Rancho Santa Rosa was sold to J. W. Cooper, and later was in possession of his son, the late William Cooper, who lived on a portion of the ranch which he called "La Vina."

It is a praiseworthy thing that these old adobes, so rich in tradition, so priceless in value, have fallen into hands which tend to preserve them, rather than to let them crumble into dust.

As each of Francisco's ten children was married, their father presented him or her with "diez vacas, y un toro, y diez mil pesos" (ten cows, a bull, and 10,000 pesos) as well as a generous portion of land. Thus a portion of Rancho La Vega was Mrs. de la Cuesta's wedding gift. The original ranch contained 8000 acres.

Rancho La Vega

RANCHO LA VEGA has been in the possession of the de la Cuesta family since 1857. To that portion given to his daughter Micaela by Francisco Cota was added a part of the great Nojogui Rancho, purchased by Dr. de la Cuesta, and which had originally been granted by the King to Raimundo Carrillo in 1843. The land consisted for the most part of rich river bottom and meadow; thus the name La Vega (meadow) fitted it well.

The original adobe home, which contained thirteen rooms, was built soon after the purchase of the land and remains much the same today, although at one time the patio was boarded off to make a school for the eleven children of the family. The construction of the house was no simple matter, as all lumber used had to be carried by oxen, or by mule-pack over Gaviota Pass, along rude trails that could scarcely be called roads.

The gracious de la Cuesta hospitality was known the length of California, and the ranch house was a favorite stopping place for travelers who found shel-

ter and food for man and beast, a haven indeed in a sparsely settled state a hundred years ago. If the horse of the traveler was weary and jaded, another awaited in the corral. Did the stranger need food to carry him on to the next stop, it was dealt out with a lavish hand. It was such hospitality as today we read about, but seldom encounter.

After his parents' death, Eduardo de la Cuesta, one of the sons, carried on the activities of Rancho La Vega. His wife was Elena Pollard, granddaughter of Captain William Goodwin Dana, founder of the Nipomo Rancho and builder of the famous Dana Adobe in San Luis Obispo County.

La Vega Rancho is now owned by the three daughters of Eduardo, Miss Micaela de la Cuesta, Miss Ynez de la Cuesta, and Mrs. Earl Jensen (Dulce de la Cuesta) and her two charming daughters, Pilar and Francesca.

Miss Micaela, who bears her grandmother's name, in recalling stories told her by her late father, said "There were many stories of raids by bears and wolves on cattle and sheep. Father recalled that one day the vaqueros killed a bear and dragged it under the grape arbor. He remembered that he was 'scared stiff' when the vaqueros set him on the dead animal's back." The arbor, still standing and bearing fruit, was planted in 1863.

Going to Mass in the Old Mission was one of Eduardo de la Cuesta's youthful recollections which he related to his daughter. The family made the journey from the ranch in a *carreta* (cart) drawn by

oxen which he declared was the "speediest in the country."

A visit to La Vega enables one to absorb some of the delightful aroma of bygone days, reminiscent of a past and fast-vanishing age that seems to linger in the deep windows and the priceless furnishings of the old adobe which has sheltered the family for so many years.

Rancho El Cerro Alto

HALF WAY between Rancho La Vega and Gaviota lies another ranch, "El Cerro Alto," meaning "the high peak," owned by Gerardo de la Cuesta, one of the eleven heirs of Dr. and Mrs. Roman de la Cuesta, and now the property of his widow, Mrs. Virginia Pollard de la Cuesta.

The rambling adobe house was built in 1901 on a high peak covered with boulders and oak trees. Still standing in the front yard are the oaks on which the bears that slaughtered sheep were hung after being slain. The home, built in the old manner with iron barred windows, beamed ceilings, and six inch cedar floors, keeps alive the traditional past.

The peak on which the house is built is at the end of a long ridge. It was, according to old tales, along this ridge that the bandits Salamon Pico and Joaquin Murietta rode on marauding expeditions. They would drop down into the canyon north of where the house now stands (then a sheep camp) onto a trail known as the trail of the Santa Ines Mission

Fathers. Here was the "meat market," where beeves were slaughtered for the Fathers and neophytes of the Mission. A sign in Spanish reading "Esta Canada ere la venda de los Padres Franciscaros de la Mission Santa Ines a la Matanza" now marks the mouth of the canyon, just off Highway 101.

The home of Mrs. de la Cuesta and her daughter Tulita is a veritable treasure box. Mrs. de la Cuesta's hobby is preserving family heirlooms and antiques. Among her possessions is a rosewood sleigh bed with rope and canvas bottom. It is the bed in which her late husband was born, and was given to him as an heirloom as he was the only child of the large family to be born in it. It came originally from the Santa Rosa Rancho. There is also in the adobe a spool bed which came from Rancho Nipomo, built in the '40's by Mrs. de la Cuesta's grandparents, Captain and Mrs. William Dana. Treasured also is a mahogany table which came from the ship "Edith," wrecked at Pt. Concepcion at an early date, and taken by oxen to Rancho Nipomo where it was used in the living room.

Another unusual and interesting piece of furniture at the adobe is a large Spanish chest which floated in from a wreck at Port Hartford (now Port San Luis). Its owner Judge Henry A. Treft lost his life, weighted down by a heavy money belt, as he was trying to swim ashore after the wreck. Judge Treft was the first husband of Mrs. de la Cuesta's mother, and was in charge of all the district between Monterey and Ventura Counties.

There are priceless pieces of old china and ancient silver among the treasures to be found in the de la Cuesta house.

The hill is steep, and the road leading up to the house is narrow and winding, but a gracious welcome is waiting the visitor fortunate enough to step over the threshold into an atmosphere which delights the eye and satisfies the soul of one interested in early California history and romance.

Rancho Nipomo



ALTHOUGH Rancho Nipomo is in San Luis Obispo County, it is so closely connected with first Spanish settlers of Santa Ynez Valley that it is included in the story. It can well be considered part of our ranch lore, for here lived the granddaughter, five great-grandchildren and three great great grandchildren of the famous Captain William Goodwin Dana, founder of Nipomo Rancho, and builder of the famous Dana Adobe. The ranch lies just beyond the Santa Maria River and the town of Santa Maria.

The Danas of Nipomo Rancho trace their lineage back to colonist Richard Dana, who settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1640. William Goodwin Dana was born in Boston in 1797. Interested in the sea, Dana at 18 years of age was sent to China by an uncle who was a Boston merchant. His travels took him not only to China and India but to the Sandwich Islands and the coast of California, where he captained the ship "Waverly." He came to Santa Barbara in 1825, where he bought a store and placed

it in the hands of a friend, Captain C. R. Smith, while he continued on a voyage in command of his ship.

In March, 1828, Captain Dana asked for the hand in marriage of Señorita Maria Josefa Carrillo, daughter of Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo, resident of the Presidio. It was necessary for Dana to apply for Mexican citizenship before the espousal was granted. This was accomplished and he was married to Señorita Carrillo during the same year.

In 1829 Dana built a schooner at a point on the coast which now bears the name of Goleta, which means schooner in Spanish. The vessel was named "Santa Barbara," and was placed in command of Captain Thomas Robbins who later married Señorita Encarnacion Carrillo, sister of Mrs. Dana. Captain and Mrs. Robbins owned "Rancho Las Positas" which is now known as Hope Ranch.

In 1835 when Captain Dana had become a naturalized citizen, he obtained a grant of eleven leagues of land, which he named Rancho Nipomo.

It was in the fall of 1839 when the Danas left Santa Barbara and came to the ranch, and the adobe house was built about this time. Prior to the building of the big house, a small dwelling was constructed for temporary living quarters while the ranch house was being completed. The Dana adobe was built in the shape of a "U" with an enclosed court in the rear. The front wing was a story and a half in height, and upstairs were the look-outs where the dwellers could watch for the poaching bandits; there

also was the large dormitory where the ten sons of the family slept, each in his own spool bed.

Nipomo Rancho was a stage coach station and a house full of welcome for all who passed that way.

The twelve children of the Dana family were Josefa, William, Henry, John, Frank, Frederick, Edward, Adeline, David, Eliseo, Ramon and Samuel. All are dead, John (Juan) being the last to go as he neared his hundredth year. When Fremont camped at a point on the present highway, now Fremont Park, Juan Dana, then a golden-haired lad, was taken to see the general, and counted it one of his most treasured memories. Appearing on the headstone of the mother of the family, Maria Josefa Carrillo Dana, who was buried in the family plot in the cemetery at San Luis Obispo, are the words written by her son-in-law, the late Samuel Pollard of San Luis Obispo:

“Rest in Peace, thou gentle Spirit,
Earth around, above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and Love.”

Old College Ranch



ALSO CONNECTED with the Spanish era, when Mission Santa Ines was young, is the story of the Old College Ranch.

The present 840 acre ranch is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hunt, who settled there in 1923 and who are now operating one of the most successful dairy ranches in this area, with the help of their daughters and sons-in-law. The Hunts named their ranch for the "College" which was built and ready for use in 1844. The college was the dream of Bishop Garcia Diego, who felt that a school established far from the temptations and lures of a city was desirable, and he took steps to establish one. He detailed Fathers J. J. Jiminez, Juan Moreno and Francisco Sanchez of the Franciscan Order to approach Governor Micheltorena of California to ask for a grant of land in the vicinity of Mission Santa Ines for the support of a seminary to be erected there. The location was chosen and a grant of 35,499 acres was made and given the name of "Cañada de los Piños" (Canyon of the Pines), which in later years became

known as "The College Ranch."

The two story adobe building with tile roof was completed and ready for use in May. On that day the Bishop celebrated Pontifical Mass at Mission Santa Ines and delivered an address, and the first ecclesiastical seminary in California was dedicated under the patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The chapel of the college, which is now the Hunts' residence, was built for the Zanja Cota Indians on the nearby reservation, as well as for the students, to save the time required to make the long trip to the Mission. The Cross was still on the building as late as 1888. Joaquin Cota of the Santa Rosa Rancho laid out an irrigation ditch which was called Zanja de Cota. This ditch carried water from a creek of the same name which rises near the old high school site, and has furnished an inexhaustable supply of water for many decades. The ditch wound through the hills and connected with a grist mill east of Mission Santa Ines, with the overflow used for irrigation. The mill was operated by Señor Jose Chapman, father of Mrs. Alonzo Crabb, pioneer of Santa Barbara and Santa Ynez Valleys. The remains of this old mill still stand today and has been made a State Monument. A portion of the irrigation ditch is still in use and waters the Hunts' fields and pastures.

It will be of interest to many to know the names of some of the students who attended the college, as many will be remembered both locally and in other parts of the country. Among them were Dario

Oreña, Leopoldo Oreña, Joseph Pleasant, Manuel Den, Augustine Maguire, Harry Maguire, Frank Maguire, Alfonso Den, J. B. Dieu, Eduardo de la Cuesta, Gerardo de la Cuesta, Leonardo de la Cuesta, Caesar E. Lataillade, Thomas More, Samuel Dana, Eliseo Dana, Frederick Dana, Onesimo Covarrubias, Nicholas Covarrubias, Eduardo Covarrubias, Thomas Hill and John Hill.

Some of the teachers were Father Pascal Doran, who taught there for 16 years; he was followed by Father Basso, and Brothers John Mahon and Peter Moran. Father Lynch was also in charge at one time, and Don Pedro Delgado was an instructor. After the college was abandoned he made his home at Rancho La Vega, where he taught the younger de la Cuesta children. As there was no other institution of learning in Santa Ynez Valley up to 1880, a school for boys was carried on at the college, and Daniel Murphy, an uncle of Mrs. Margaret Hourihan of Solvang, instructed in penmanship there.

Old Days On Alisal Ranch



SINCE THE DAYS almost a century and a half ago when Indians toiled to build the thick adobe walls of historic old Santa Ines Mission and workmen of other skills brought great pine logs from distant mountains to be hewn into beams and yet others fashioned and burned the tiles which made the roof, the gracious old building has stood the same while all about changes have come to the Valley . . . and many more changes are in the making.

The swift changes have come through the work of man and others, less perceptible, have been accomplished by the subtle hand of Mother Nature. The great sweep of Santa Ynez Valley has many more residents now than in early days, but each generation has seen the same mystic purple shadows on the mountains and has loved the everlasting calm of the rolling hills with their golds and greens and browns as seasons change.

The age-old oaks are just as green and offer shade or shelter in heat or storm to cattle now, as they did



ALISAL RANCH — Close to Sycamore Springs

in days long gone, when the time-worn Mission Santa Ines was new. And there are sycamores which seem to change only in beauty as their Summer dresses of yellow green deepen to the bronze of Fall, their grey mottled trunks never-changing.

Across the Santa Ynez River from the Old Mission lies the 10,000 acre Alisal Ranch, which with its beautiful sycamore trees is indeed well named "Alisal," meaning in Spanish a grove of sycamores. Sycamores line the winding Alisal Creek which rises in the mountainous portion of the ranch and winds its way to the river near where the Red Bridge once stood. It is a stream to dream of with its rushing torrent in Winter and its gentle laziness beneath the tall trees when Summer comes.

The Alisal Ranch is a part of what was the great Nojoqui Rancho granted to Raimundo Carrillo, April 7, 1843, and originally comprising 13,522.04 acres. A portion of this ranch became the property of Dr. Roman de la Cuesta and his wife, Micaela, who was the daughter of Francisco Cota, owner of the great Santa Rosa Rancho.

The Pierce brothers of San Francisco became the owners of what is now the Alisal Ranch. They also owned the San Marcos Ranch of 47,000 acres and both were operated under the same management as cattle ranches. Dave Moran, remembered by only a few of the old timers, was major domo of the San Marcos. He was in the saddle from 2 A.M. until nightfall each day superintending the affairs of the great cattle range. One of the owners of the Alisal,

Ira Pierce, who spent considerable time on his property here, was affectionately known as "Old Ira." He frequently took some of his employees to San Francisco to "see the sights" and maybe to satisfy his own sense of humor. On one occasion Pierce took Moran to a fancy dress ball in one of San Francisco's fashionable hotels.

In telling of his experiences on the trip Moran said to my father, "Sammy, I swear the women did not have a stitch on, what little they did wear was dragging on the floor." That was in the 1880s when low necks and short sleeves were seen only in ballrooms and sweeping trains were the vogue. I wonder what Dave Moran would think of modern dress for women?

Another time Pierce took to the opera his favorite cowboy who knew more of horses than social graces. The cowboy boasted when he arrived home "Old Ira put me in a stall and gave me a bill of fare. He sure treated me fine."

Pierce was much disturbed when William Meade, his superintendent, proposed to establish an irrigation system on the Alisal and plant alfalfa. "It will cost you a dollar a sprout" stormed Pierce, not being interested in new methods. But Meade persisted and built his dirt ditch starting well up the river. He flumed the water across the mouth of the Alisal creek and siphoned it across the river bridge, continued with a wooden flume around the rocky point near the bridge thence to the alfalfa fields.

That was the dry year of 1897-98 and the superin-

tendent proved the efficiency of his idea for he sold 100 tons of hay at \$19 a ton to another cattle ranch owner, thereby paying for the irrigation system and at the same time relieved the feed shortage on the Alisal that trying year.

Another story which delights the Old Timers here, is the tale of a mountain lion and a young chap who worked on the Alisal. As the youth was riding along the county road which runs through the ranch he spied a lion in a tree. He took the riata from his saddle, threw a neat loop over the creature's head, drew it taut and pulled the lion from its perch. . . . Then he was in a quandary. He dared not release the snarling animal nor would he sacrifice his beloved riata. He took a quick "vuelta" around his saddle horn, put his horse at a full run, dragging the lion through the dust; forded the river, for there was no bridge at that time; and up the bank to the little store known as "Amats." Here he stopped and though the lion was very still, the horseman, believing in safety first, had a bystander in the store shoot the animal to prevent the possibility of its recovery after all it had undergone.

Several stories are told of wild hogs on the Alisal, where they have been known since the early days. One old man told of being chased by one of the fierce creatures. He was so scared, according to his own story, that he bit his pipe stem right in two. A young man, pursued by a wild boar with cruel tusks, jumped over a high bank and was on crutches for weeks thereby delaying his wedding day. The

warning to hunters would seem to be "Hunt hogs on horseback."

Back in the early days of the Alisal Ranch \$45 a month and board was the prevailing wage and during the dry years it dropped to \$15 and board. It was a 16-hour day with no overtime. There was not much time to "go to town" and no way to go except by horse, or foot.

But it was not an isolated place for the County Road ran through the Alisal Ranch, as now, except the route has been changed. The old dirt road ran over the "Pierce Hill" and was the one followed in early days when four, six and eight-horse teams hauled the grain output of Santa Ynez Valley to Gaviota Wharf. The Pierce Hill and the Nojoqui Hill taxed the skill of the teamsters and the endurance of their horses. Occasionally a team would balk on the hill. Then the nearest teamster would "double up" and help get his neighbor's wagon over the hump.

Grain hauling required a two-day trip, a day to reach Gaviota Wharf, the shipping point, and to unload. An all night camp this side of Gaviota was the highlight of the trip. Suppers cooked over the campfires, horses feeding at wagon beds, blankets spread under the stars . . . these are the memories of some of the present Santa Ynez Valley farmers who shared in these experiences of years ago.

With all its natural beauties and its glamorous background of the Spanish era and early-day ranching Alisal Ranch in 1949 opened a new chapter in


its long history for it became the first Guest Ranch in Santa Ynez Valley. The 10,000 acres with modern attractions and conveniences houses guests who find something interesting for all.

The sportsman can hunt deer, wild hogs, predators, game birds; and the fisherman find his enjoyment along the streams in season. To those who hunt with a camera endless opportunities for shots are presented on the Alisal. It is a paradise for the botanist at all seasons. The artist finds his subjects in the ever-changing landscape. All the activities of a great cattle ranch go on with guests participating or not as they choose. Golf, swimming and tennis are integrated in Ranch activities.

Much new equipment and building have been added to the Alisal Ranch layout for this venture and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Gillham, are experienced guest ranch operators. They have had their Winter Ranch, "The Flying V" at Tucson, Ariz., for 21 years and their Summer place, the "Valley Ranch" near Santa Fe, N. M., for the last 14 summers.

Alisal Ranch has had an important part in the development of the Valley and as the home of Lou Dillon, the world-famous trotter, bred and trained there, has a place in the history of turfdom, augmented by the fine stock of the late Charles E. Perkins, who brought the Kentucky Derby winner, Flying Ebony, to the ranch and who developed the property as his greatest interest during his life in California.

Ballard's Station

N TELLING of these ranches in detail a background for the coming of other American settlers and their activities is established.

At the time when gold was discovered in California, or a short time later, lured by the stories of marvelous wealth or the urge for an adventurous life in a comparatively new land, two young men, one from the east coast and one from the middle west, arrived in the state almost simultaneously but in a widely different manner.

These young men, Rufus T. Buell and George W. Lewis, came in the early "fifties" and eventually each found his way into the Valley of the Santa Ynez. Each has played an important part in the history of the valley and each has left here an indelible mark, not to be erased by time or flood.

George W. Lewis was born in New York in 1830. When ten years of age he accompanied his parents to Illinois, where he remained until he was twenty-two years old. He was trained as a surveyor. Imbued with the pioneer spirit he came west overland to Oregon Territory where he remained for several

years. In 1856 he came to California and on down into the Santa Ynez Valley. Charmed by the beauty he found here, and envisioning the possibilities of the virgin soil, he acquired large holdings in the little valley drained by a small winding stream to which the early Spanish settlers had given the name "Alamo Pintado" (painted cottonwood). (Several stories are related as to the origin of the name, but one familiar with the brilliant fall coloring of the cottonwood trees might conjecture that the gorgeous colors gave suggestion for the name.) Here Lewis remained for several years, until interests he had acquired in Mexico called him there for a period of eight years. He left his valley ranch holdings in charge of a friend, William N. Ballard, superintendent of the stage coach line which ran between San Francisco and Yuma, Arizona.

The initial run between these points was made in 1858, when the lumbering Concord Coach, loaded with passengers, left San Francisco for points south. There was no stage stop-over between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, and William Ballard decided to build a station at a half-way point, where weary travelers might refresh themselves and have meals, and thus Ballard's Station came into being in 1860. An adobe building was erected, which served as Mr. Ballard's home and as a dining room for the stage passengers. A small compact room with no outside door was used as a Wells Fargo Express office.

Ballard had originally seen the valley in 1850,



BALLARD'S STATION, built in 1865. Old stage station on route between
San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Arizona.

and had then acquired land of considerable acreage. He built an adobe structure across the road from the Station, which in later years became the home of the Lansing family, and later was sold. He also built a large adobe barn north of the Station which was standing as late as 1885, but which has since resolved itself into the soil from which it was constructed. The adobe across the road was used for many purposes. At one time it was a stable "de luxe" for a very highly prized stallion owned by Ballard. Several years later, when the building had passed into other hands, it was converted into a smokehouse, where it is said that 300 hams and equally as many sides of bacon were hung to be smoked in preparation for shipment to San Francisco markets. One has a fleeting glimpse of the activities of ranch life in the early days when stories such as this are revealed by some whose remembrances have saved them from oblivion.

In 1866 Mr. Ballard became ill, and felt the need of more skilled and intelligent help than that offered by Indian and Mexican labor. He sent to San Bernardino for a friend, Charles La Salle, offering him a job as foreman with the privilege of buying the property. La Salle agreed, and arrived with his wife who was the first American woman to live in the adobe. Their daughter Clara was born here in 1867 and another daughter, Joy, several years later.

La Salle had charge of the station from 1866 until 1869. He built what is now known as "the upper adobe" with the help of Indian labor in 1869. He

also put a floor in the original adobe, which up to this time had only a dirt floor, as had many of the early settlers' homes. The name of his chief helper was "Jaredo." La Salle learned from him and the other Indians of a mountain lake which they called "Zaca," meaning "Hidden Waters." La Salle is said to be the first white man to see Zaca Lake in all its pristine loveliness.

Ballard's health grew steadily worse, and realizing that the end was near, he sent for the lady to whom he was betrothed, and married her on what proved to be his death bed. He died in the original adobe, the first section of the station he founded.

Some time after the death of William Ballard, George Lewis returned from Mexico. He married Ballard's widow, and her inherited property was added to Lewis' own large holdings. They made their home in the "upper adobe" and here their only child, a daughter, Mildred, was born.

Lewis had in his employ an old man known only as "Uncle Tommy"—whence he came and whither he went no one seems to remember. He was rumored to have been an Indian Scout and fighter. He had a badly scarred face and only one eye. Then, as now, there were disputes over land boundaries, and in some cases large grant owners claimed the government lands taken by the settlers. The story is told of riders who came from the Zaca Ranch to oust the Lewis family, during a time when the man of the house was called away. "Uncle Tommy" was left in charge, and was sitting in his favorite chair in

the sunshine outside the door, when the armed riders appeared. No word was spoken, but when "Uncle Tommy" reached inside the door, drew out his long rifle, placed it across his knees, and fixed his one baleful eye on the intruders, something warned them to "keep hands off," and they turned and rode away at full speed, not to return.


The Lewis family continued to live in the upper adobe until 1880, when the stage line was routed through Lompoc for several years. Becoming restless and desiring more social contacts for his family, George Lewis decided to found a town, and to name it Ballard in honor of his old friend. The adobes are also a monument to their founder, and were known as Ballard's Station, later just as "the Station," and finally, "The Adobes."

Centered about the two old adobes is a wealth of historical interest, enhanced by the glammers of early day life and early day traveling when the stage coach was the only public conveyance that brought the outside world to the quiet countryside. Still standing, and now in the hands of an appreciative Santa Barbara family, the Rhodehammels, they are being restored to their original construction.

Incidentally, in the process of reconstruction, Mr. Rhodehammel removed some of the bricks in making repairs. He discovered on them footprints of wild animals which had evidently been made while the bricks were laying out to dry.

Prints of lion, deer, and smaller animals were deeply impressed in the bricks.

Old Stage Coach Days

HE CLATTER of horses hoofs on the road had a familiar ring and the sight of an old Concord Coach and four which pulled up in front of Mattei's Tavern one day several years ago brought a flood of memories of days gone by when the arrival of a coach was just an incident. The sight of the old horse-drawn vehicle reopened the pages of early day Valley history to a chapter of glamour and romance which will live in the minds of men through generations to come. Old timers were stirred by memories of the past and youths who had heard tales of early days, saw a living illustration of their elders' stories.

Mattei's Tavern was the stage station in the 80's and as the Concord Coach rumbled up and lurched to a stop on the smooth pavement one could almost see the cloud of dust stirred by the horses and coaches on the dirt road of other years when the weary travelers at their journey's end would alight at the Tavern to be welcomed by the genial host, Felix Mattei, and his kindly wife.

There was one time in the year when the arrival of the stage coach at Mattei's Tavern attracted



SAN LUCAS CROSSING — Santa Ynez River. Uncle George Heller, driver;
Judge Canfield of Santa Barbara on seat with driver.

young and old alike "to see the schoolma'ams." The teachers of the northern Santa Barbara County schools were required to spend a week at the Teachers' Institute in Santa Barbara, and in returning to their posts had to take the stage as far as Mattei's where they could transfer to the narrow-gauge railroad for points north. This railroad was completed into Los Olivos in 1887. The railroad between San Luis Obispo and Los Alamos had been built in 1885, thus shortening the stage route from Santa Barbara to San Luis Obispo by many miles and the Los Olivos extension cut off another stretch of the long route so that Mattei's was the end of the stage route from the south.

But back to the traveling schoolma'ams whose arrival intrigued the Valley residents. One can almost see them now, as, one by one, they climbed out of the crowded stage, where at least 17 women were packed in like sardines. There was a great shaking of long, full skirts, much adjusting of "leg o' mutton" sleeves. Protecting dust veils were removed, hats straightened preparatory to going into the Tavern where they stayed overnight before taking the northbound train the next morning.

There was entertainment indeed for Valley residents in the arrival of the stages in those days but they served also as timekeepers, for as one old resident declared the other day, "One could set his watch by the stage as it passed certain landmarks en route, or on arrival or departure at the stops, so accurate were the time schedules." Drivers some-

times offered to bet with passengers that they could tell the exact time the stage would pass the old Clock Building in Santa Barbara, one of the city's landmarks lost in the earthquake damage of 1925.

Older residents here remember vividly the skill of the early day drivers of the stages. There were "Uncle George" Heller, B. Wheelis, Tom Coe, John Waugh, Harry Cook, Charley Jennings and jolly, fat Cooper among the outstanding drivers. As a child the writer remembers the stages as they pulled up to the post-offices in the Valley, where the heavy sole leather mail bags securely padlocked and filled with first class mail were handed out at the stops at the end of the line, where the canvas sacks and express box were unloaded.

The stage road ran over the old San Marcos, steep, dusty, narrow with sharp turns. One remembers well "Cape Horn," the long narrow turn on the Santa Barbara side of "Cold Spring," where the drivers sounded a blast on a horn to warn all vehicles of the approach of the stage.

Stopping over at Cold Spring on the San Marcos was a delightful noon-time interlude for passengers, who enjoyed the cool shade of the canyon and drank the sparkling icy cold water with their shoe box lunches.

At Cold Spring a different driver took the stage into Santa Barbara with its passengers and the driver who had come that far returned with the next north-bound stage. Fresh horses were supplied here for both north- and south-bound stages.

Lucky the passenger who was allowed to ride beside the drivers for these men seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of stories, each with his own particular collection. There are many tales told of the drivers, too.

There was one driver who resented having to get out and open a gate on the stage road in San Marcos ranch. He warned the ranch owner that the stage was carrying the United States mail and if the gate was closed the next time the mail came through the driver would take stern measures. Sure enough he found the gate shut and proceeded to open it with an ax which he carried for that purpose. No action was taken by the rancher, who instead had a new gate built which could be opened and closed by a person in the driver's seat by simply pulling on a hanging rope. It became known throughout the county as "The Red Gate."

Several long-time residents here remember adventures while riding the stage over the mountains. There were occasional hold-ups in which drivers and passengers were forced to line up beside the stage and hand over their valuables. It is related of Mrs. Archibald Bush, a sister of the late Alden M. Boyd of Santa Barbara, that she saved a valuable ring during one of these hold-ups by slipping it into her stocking before she got out of the stage. That was one advantage of the long skirts and cotton stockings of grandmother's era!

Mrs. Bush, having a quick wit, asked the highwayman if he were not a Democrat. Surprised he replied

in the affirmative, and she said tartly "I knew you must be, for no Republican would rob a stage." It was rumored that this particular hold-up man was a resident of the Valley but no proof could be had and no arrests were made. When friends asked Uncle George Heller about that adventure he said, "Good thing I didn't have a gun or he would have gotten that too." When handling the reins for six horses a driver had no chance to use a gun.

High water was a menace to stage travel in Winter, when fierce streams were unfordable and there were no bridges. Ordinary high water did not prevent the crossing of streams even though the horses must swim and were sometimes lost. But drivers were wary of the Santa Ynez River when it was really on a rampage and realized that it was neither safe nor sane to make an attempt at crossing. For this contingency a cable had been stretched from bank to bank and a boat operated by the cable was used to transfer the mail to the opposite bank where it was picked up by the other stage.

Many stories of the devotion of the old time drivers to their duty are told. One is remembered of Uncle George Heller, when, on an arduous trip through wind and rain and across swollen streams, he failed to arrive at the Ballard office where he was due at 6 P.M. The crowd waited three hours then decided "No stage tonight" and went home. But "Uncle Bob" (Robert W. Smith, the postmaster) waited with an abiding faith in the driver.

At midnight "Uncle George" came tramping in

leading his six horses and carrying the way sack on his back. A brief stop and he was on his way to his journey's end at Los Olivos, still afoot. His stage had bogged down on the treacherous mesa road between Santa Ynez and Ballard but that could not stop the driver.

Gone are the old-time drivers, gone are the slim, sure-footed, well-trained stage horses and few of the old coaches are left to remind one of the past. Only a few men and women remain of those who rode the stages over the San Marcos in distant days, but the rumble of iron-tired wheels and the rhythmic tread of horses heard when an old coach visited the Valley brought to life again the equipages of the past.



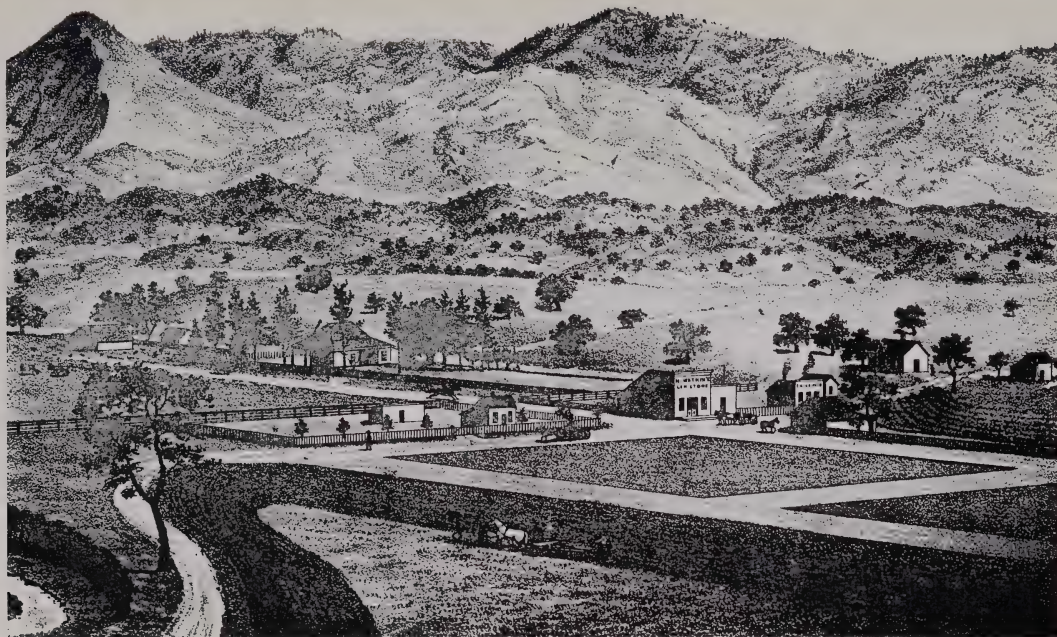
OUR BALLARD SCHOOL in 1887. Built in 1883.

Town of Ballard



AND SO the little settlement of Ballard was founded in 1880, with George Lewis building the first house, a small adobe under a spreading live oak tree. He built a large adobe barn also, and not a vestige of either remains, nor of the eucalyptus trees planted around the house, which grew to an enormous size. They were sacrificed after many years to make way for progress.

Ballard was carefully plotted, with streets varying in width from 60 to 100 feet. They were given such names as "Lewis," "Cynthia" (his wife's name), "Cottonwood," and "Church"—all American names in a country famed for its Spanish names. The town flourished in the early days, having the only public general store, post office and blacksmith shop in the valley. The store had a good stock of groceries and dry goods and medicines. One could buy red flannel, canton flannel, calico, gingham, muslin and cheviot by the yard. There were few, if any, ready-to-wear garments. Medicines included such household stand-bys as "Hood's Sarsaparilla," "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," "Piso's Cure for Con-



VII
VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BALLARD — Sketch taken from the
History of Santa Barbara County by Thompson and West.

sumption," "Pink Pills for Pale People," and of course "Lydia Pinkham's Compound." The advertising cards which came with some of the remedies have now become the pride of collectors.

One remembers the open cracker barrel, the barrel of big cucumber pickles, barrels of sugar and of flour, large fifty-pound sacks of green coffee, tea in big lead-lined boxes, candy in huge jars, and "shoo-fly crackers." Sanitation did not seem to come into the picture; yet knowing so little about germs, people seemed happy and indifferent about it all. The store was built in 1880 by Henry Watkins of Santa Barbara and sold in the same year to a Miss Jane Smith from "the East." Miss Smith became sole proprietor and was also made postmistress, with one corner of the store used as a post office.

This good woman was known as "Aunt Jane," or more intimately, "Aunt Jennie." She was a tall, spare person in her mid-forties, and wore her hair, which was sparse, pulled back in a tight knob. She was a good business woman, but exceedingly penurious. She also had an insatiable curiosity. The post office gave her an excellent opportunity to discover some of the town's secrets, for it is said that a post card never escaped her, and bits of a letter might be deciphered if held to the light. It was her duty to "inspect" packages. She was a typical "old maid," but with a secret yearning toward matrimony, so when a man from her home town in the East drifted into the village, she made her plans to capture him. She had a suspicion that he had serious intentions



PUPILS OF BALLARD SCHOOL IN 1887. Standing in back row from the left are Miss P. L. Hosmer, teacher, Winnie Smith, C. J. L. Snyder, Lulu O. Keenan, Effie M. Shanklin, Serville D. Keenan, Sallie J. Boyer, Annie M. Boyer, and Tom Kinevan.

Next row from the left, Bertha Eakman, Ethel Smith, Clara Eakman, Joe Eakman, Ira Smith, Pearl Kyle, and Josie Boyer. Seated from the left in the next row, Sanky Boyer, Pedro Du Boux, Clarence Hobson, Carroll Muncion, Lulu E. Barnes, Linnie E. Shanklin, Myra D. Boyer, a Du Boux Sister, Sarelita Du Boux, a Du Boux Sister, and Frank Boyer. In the first row seated from the left are Ned Smith, Chester Hobson and Angelique Du Boux.

toward the town school teacher, and she watched them warily. These suspicions were confirmed when long white gloves came in one of the numerous packages received by the teacher. Only brides wore long white gloves; and so "Aunt Jennie" was the first to spread the news, albeit a little sadly, and to reveal the secret so carefully guarded.

"Aunt Jennie" has been swept along with the other misty memories; if a scream of protest comes floating back, it might be "Aunt Jennie" squeezing the eagle — she surely reached the other shore, though, for her virtues far outweighed her faults.



ONE OF THE FIRST MOVES Lewis made was to bring into his new town a blacksmith, A. F. Hubbard, who brought his large family, and his mother-in-law, who was a practical nurse. She was the type of woman so needed in a new community, a plump, genial person and a very capable one. She could officiate at a birth as well as a doctor, and was often called in emergencies.

The blacksmith shop was one of the busiest places in the whole countryside. During the late '70's and early '80's a number of farmers arrived, and bought up available lands at from six to fourteen dollars per acre. In 1879 the Pat Murphys came into the Valley with their five sons, and bought a section of land, some part of which, three-quarters of a century later is still in possession of members of the family. Others who came were the Torrences, the Coiners with their eleven daughters and two sons, the Smiths, the Gardiners, the Fields, the Raymonds, the Jamisons and the Craigs. Members of their families are still found among the present inhabitants. They were "substantial" people who came to establish homes and to farm. This meant work for the blacksmith; and in the little wooden shop, two blacksmiths with two forges, a wood worker and their helpers labored long hours, building wagons, setting tires, shoeing horses, sharpening plowshares, and keeping grain wagons in repair. A few of the earlier farmers shipped grain from the Chute Land near Point Sal, but after the Gaviota Wharf was built in 1875 it became the point of landing and the entire valley output was hauled there.



The Santa Ynez Valley's
First "Post Office"
at Ballard - 1880

The English Colony



ONE GROUP of settlers who came in the 80's was a small colony of Englishmen. Some were remittance men and some had means and all had ability and a willingness to work. Several of them were Oxford men.


One of the young men lost all he had in financing the building of a two story adobe house on what is still known as the "Alamo Pintado" ranch. This was built in about the year 1885. It was through the unethical business methods of the partner that the loss was incurred.

Eventually, for a time, a number of young Englishmen made the "Alamo" their headquarters. They were at times rather gay, especially if they lingered too long at the "flowing bowl" and then they had a lively time. A favorite pastime was shooting up the walls and furniture. On one well remembered occasion, it was the good Queen Victoria's birthday when they really celebrated. In the little Ballard school house, the town hall at the time, an entertainment was in progress and one gay celebrator rode his horse through the open door and gave the "Har-

vard Yell" just as his lady-love started to sing "Whispering Hope." Following closely was a 16-year-old lad of the village who was also celebrating although he did not know what, shouting "Thish is the Day for which our Fathers bled and died." The revellers were subdued and led off to "sober up." The entertainment went on.

The Ballard school house, the first public school house to be built in the Valley, was the scene of many jolly gatherings.

Old Timers Recall Harvest In Santa Ynez Valley of 90's

N THE OLD DAYS many men and many horses were required to operate the machines. The heading was done in advance of the thrashing season and the settings were placed ready for the thrasher which usually started out early in July and ran for an average of 75 days. Approximately 150,000 centals of grain was the yield for the valley.

Twenty-two men and 26 horses were required, with an extra saddle horse, for the sack sower who remained to count the sacks of grain when a move was made.

The outfit consisted of an engine weighing 7 tons, which used straw for fuel, a separator, cleaner, derrick wagon, two 600 gallon capacity water wagons, a feed wagon which accommodated 24 head of horses and was also used to carry the blankets and



J. J. HOBSON AND HIS THRASHING CREW.

personal effects of the men. The cook house which followed the outfit had a seating capacity for the crew, and was in charge of a Chinese cook, a slim little fellow weighing less than 115 pounds. He did the cooking on a small wood stove, baking all the bread and pastry. He had no helper to pare the potatoes or to wash the dishes, but did it all, going to bed near midnight and rising at 3 A.M.

"Sing" was a friend to the boys and called them affectionately "water-buck, straw-buck, book-buck" and so on down the line.

It was a big job to feed those hungry men who worked such long hours. The whistle blew for breakfast at 4 A.M. and by 5 A.M. the men had eaten, rolled their blankets and were at work. A steady grind until 9 A.M. when a cold lunch would be brought in. The noon whistles sounded at 12 and by 1 P.M. the long afternoon's work was underway. It was usually 7:45 and sometimes 8 P.M. before the shriek of the whistle announced supper. A rush for the tin wash basins and the hearty supper followed.

Then to bed? Indeed, no! After those long, strenuous hours, those men became boys again. They rolled and wrestled over the straw piles and played all manner of practical jokes until 11 o'clock and later. Sometimes they sang songs.

Sometimes the "girls," wives, daughters and sweethearts of the men, would come out to the straw piles and spend the evening. They sat decorously on the improvised seats or on the clean stubble, with

their long skirts tucked carefully around their feet so that the tips of their shoes might just be seen, arranged their leg-o-mutton sleeves, set their sailor hats at the right angle, and adjusted the hat pins that they might look their best.

Soloists were always in demand, and urged to sing when visitors were present and "I Traced Her Little Footsteps Through the Snow," "Andrew Bardee" and "Red River Valley" were in frequent demand. "Pretty Eyes of Bonny Blue" was "Old Jay's" favorite. "Old Jay" was the name given by the men to J. J. Hobson, who owned and operated the machine. He was one of the boys and when he died in 1897, aged 45, he left behind friends who speak of him with an unusual affection, when they talk of him as they always do when they meet.*

These were folk songs of an early era. I remember only the chorus of the pirate Andrew Bardee which ran thus:

*"Come back, come back," cried Andrew Bardee,
"Come back, come back," quoth he;
Your ships and your cargoes I'll keep, my lads,
But your bodies I'll cast in the sea."*

*The boys wanted to sing "Pretty Eyes of Bonny Blue" at the funeral, but were dissuaded because it would have been too sad. And it would have been for the boys were weeping unrestrainedly, and "Old Jay" could not have joined in his favorite song with his sweet tenor voice. Among the men were Oxford graduates, missionaries, artists, carpenters, farmers, a "Judge" (J.P.) and jacks of all trades—but they were all "Jay's Boys."

And the chorus of "I Traced Her Little Footsteps":

*"I traced her little footsteps
In the snow, in the snow,
I traced her little footsteps in the snow,
I'll ne'er forget the day
When Jenny lost her way,
And I traced her little footsteps in the snow"*

I remember "Pretty Eyes of Bonny Blue" in full:

I

*'Twas a lovely summer day
All the birds were singing gay
And the flowers filled the air with odor sweet.
Strolling leisurely along
Humming some familiar song
When a charming little maid I chanced to meet.
She had eyes of bonny blue
Like some fairly flitting through the garden bower
And she looked so sweet and fair
Plucking posies here and there
Though indeed she was herself the fairest flower.*

CHORUS

*Pretty eyes of bonny blue
All my love I give to you
For you look so sweet and fair
Picking posies here and there
And my happy heart your image still embowers.
I am like some little bee
Sipping every flower I see
Since the day I met my love among the flowers.*

II

*All enraptured I stood there
Though I knew it was not fair
For the blush stole from the rose into her cheek.
Turning around she seemed to smile
Quite modestly the while
And with due respect and duty bade me speak.
'Pray excuse me Miss,' said I
'But as I was passing by
This plain gold ring I found and thought was yours.'
She smilingly answered 'No,'
But she did not bid me go,
So we stood and talked a while among the flowers.*

CHORUS

III

*First we viewed the sinking sun
Then we saw the rising moon
Sitting side by side upon the portico.
And upon her little hand
I had placed the golden band
And was waiting for her answer yes or no.
Surely love was on the wing
Cupid there came wandering
Seeking shelter from the dewy bowers,
And it saw each loving heart
Vowing ne'er more to part
So we tied the knot of love among the flowers.*

CHORUS

One matter of pride with the men was the speed with which they could make a move from one setting to another. The unthrashed grain was usually piled in settings about 300 feet apart.



RECORD MOVE made by the Hobson machine has never been equalled in the valley. It required only three minutes for those trained men, each tending to his own job, to throw the 200-foot belt, which connected the engine with the separator and to move the heavy engine, the separator and the cleaner, each in the exact spot, where they would not have to be shifted and connected up ready to operate. This training stood the men in good stead in case of emergency.

The boys proudly tell of a fire which occurred, when they were thrashing for J. P. Smith on Buell's Flat. The day was hot, and the settings were of oats, dry as tinder, and as inflammable as powder.


It was at the noon hour and the men with the exception of the separator tender had finished dinner. One of them discovered a small blaze on the ground by the engine and shouted a warning. A brisk wind was blowing from the west and all the machinery lay east of the engine. The horses were standing at the feed rack, unbridled but otherwise carrying harness. An attempt to smother the fire was futile.

The roust-a-bouts rushed the horses to their places, the drivers mounted to their posts and the whole outfit pulled to safety. A feature of the performance was the pulling of the loaded derrick wagon, a normal load for four horses to a place of safety with only two horses hitched to the end of the tongue. The machinery was all saved, but both settings and twenty acres of stubble were a blackened waste.

The last day's thrashing or the "wind-up" of the season would take place at Jay's where his grain was left until the last. At this time the men were paid.* Hard as the work had been, long though the hours, and with only moderate pay, yet those men would engage their jobs for the next season a year in advance. There was a charm in the companionship and working and camping in the open for the summer.

*The highest wage paid was \$2.50 per day for forkers, which was considered the hardest job on the machine. The cook received \$1 and found, which meant his board and lodging was free.

Grain Handling

N A GOOD YEAR, the grain output was estimated at 200,000 centals, and all of this was hauled to the landing over steep, narrow roads, across bridgeless streams in big wagons drawn by six and eight horse teams. It was a two-day trip; teamsters vied with each other in trying to be first on the wharf with a load. Many are the tricks they played on each other to gain time. The road led past Santa Ines Mission, over the Pierce Hill and Nojogui Grades, and the favorite watering place was Sycamore Springs on the Nojogui side. Here the horses were watered from a bucket filled from the spring. The teamster who arrived first, after he had watered his team and crossed the deep gulch, would pour water all over the banks to thus delay those who followed. A story is related of one old-timer, who discovered a fallen tree by the side of the road. Here was an opportunity to cause real delay. He hitched his leaders to the tree and "snaked" it across the road, thus making a complete block.

The loads were driven out on the long wharf and there piled in the warehouse. Incidentally, the piles of sacks and the warehouse are well remembered by the writer of this narrative, for it was there that she, as a little girl, spent the night with her parents, sister, and two brothers on their way into the Santa Ynez Valley for the first time. The family came to California from the east in 1882, travelling to Gaviota on one of the small steamers operating from San Francisco, after a train trip across the continent. It was our first introduction to the ocean, and all through the night we waited, hoping the sound of the waves would cease. When morning came, trunks and other baggage, and the children, with the exception of the baby, were loaded on a grain wagon returning to the Valley. The parents and baby rode in state in a surrey sent down by a relative who was already established in Ballard.

To go back to the teamsters: After discharging their loads they unhitched their leaders in order to make the turn around the warehouse and return to shore. Only one man was ever known to make the turn with his six-horse team. He was Anthony Munch, who in his younger days had driven stage-coach over the famous Geiger Grade. One other teamster, it is said, attempted to accomplish the same difficult task, and nearly met with disaster. His lead horses fell over the side of the wharf, pulling the rest of the team after them, breaking the harness and leaving the wagon perilously balanced on the brink with the scared driver perched high on




THE LAST REMNANT OF GAVIOTA WHARF HAS BEEN RAZED.

the seat. The horses swam to shore safely and were unhurt, but the experience must have been a startling one.

Nothing is left of the old structure; nothing to remind one of the early days when such vessels as the sidewheeler Orizaba, the Los Angeles, the Eureka, and kindred ships of small draft made Gaviota a port of entry and discharge; a time when people who entered the valley came by boat.

San Carlos de Jonata

O TELL THE STORY of the great San Carlos de Jonata Rancho is to give a word picture of Rufus T. Buell, one time owner of the ranch, and of his indomitable spirit; also telling the beginnings of the thriving town of Buellton. The great ranch of 27,000 acres in its original form has since been subdivided, through development and carried on through many individual owners.

The second and third generation of the Buell family, his descendants, are still carrying on the traditions, and enterprises of the ranch, each with his own portion. Born and reared on a Vermont farm, a direct descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, Buell was not one to be easily discouraged by the hardships and privations of pioneer living. After leaving his native Vermont for a sojourn in the south, he set sail on the "Yankee Blade" from the east coast for San Francisco, coming by the way of Magellan Straits on a journey, fraught with adventure, which took about one hundred days. Like most of the men who arrived in San Francisco in these early days,



SAN CARLOS DE JONATA RANCHO & RESIDENCE OF R. T. BUELL.
Sketch from Thompson and West's *History of Santa Barbara County*.

Buell was interested in finding gold. He set out for Bidwell's Bar in 1853, with only a few pennies in his pocket, borrowed a rocker and pan and succeeded in making a small stake. This money, together with what he earned in the harvest fields along the Feather River, gave him funds sufficient to buy thirteen head of cows, the nucleus of a dairy which he started in Marin County.

By 1865 he had eight hundred cows, and operated a dairy at Salinas, Monterey County.

It was in 1867 that Buell came into Santa Barbara County, and bought a quarter interest in the San Carlos de Jonata Rancho in Santa Ynez Valley. He went east, married and returned to the Valley to make this his permanent home. In 1872 he purchased the entire 27,000 acres.

The development which followed was of large scale proportions. At the height of its success the ranch supported 1200 dairy cows, 3500 head of range cattle, 1700 sheep, 700 hogs and 150 horses. Three thousand acres were planted to grain. Besides dairying, farming and stock raising, a cheese factory was established, which furnished cheeses to distant markets.

The ranch was complete within itself, with living accommodations for the small army of men required to run it. Buell often hired itinerant labor, sometimes the Knights of the Road, who had their blanket rolls, and sometimes they appeared empty-handed. It was one of this class that, when the close of the day came at last, inquired of "R. T." (he was

so generally called by his help and his neighbors) "where will I sleep?" "What?" exclaimed R. T., 27,000 acres and you can't find a place to sleep?"

It is also remembered that the ranch owner would never permit his horses to be shod. When they became tenderfooted they were turned out on pasture, and a fresh one put to use. The ranch brand was a "14," hidden well under the horse's mane. The brand iron is now in the possession of one of the members of the family.

A store, post office, private school, blacksmith shop, to supply the needs of the ranch and its residents, made it almost a community.

About \$100,000 for improvements was used during the first year of Buell's operation of the ranch. Forty miles of board fence was built to enclose the ranch, the first big place in the Valley to be fenced. The building of this fence, when barbed wire had not yet come into use, is in itself a story. The lumber needed for its construction was shipped to Gaviota Landing, and from there teamed to the ranch over roads scarcely better than trails.

To build the five-board fence, with redwood posts set 10 feet apart, required many thousand feet of lumber. Buell also pioneered in clearing land. For this purpose his blacksmith, G. A. Davison, who worked with Baker and Hamilton for many years in Oakland, constructed a "sub-soiler" with a forty-eight inch mold board, and with this much low brush land was cleared; the brush was literally plowed under. Nothing daunted Buell in the de-

velopment of his ranch until the dry year of 1877, which left in its wake death and destruction.

A dry year was a new experience to the hardy Vermonter, and one not easily coped with. To carry so many cattle through as possible, oaks all over the ranch were sacrificed, that the starving beasts might subsist on the moss, and leaves and tender branches. Some were carried through, but the loss was terrific.

In order to carry on, Buell sold 10,000 acres of his beloved ranch.

San Carlos de Jonata, the musical name of the ranch, is a combination of Spanish and Indian which when translated means "Saint Charles of the Wooded Area."

Buellton



THE SELLING of 10,000 acres of the ranch to the Santa Ynez Land and Improvement Company was the beginning of new enterprises in the area, and an increasing population.

Better roads, and the building of bridges, led to more travel, and with the coming of the automobile new demands were made for public convenience.


The little settlement, yet without a name, began to grow, and a post office was in demand. The office on the Buell Ranch, known as "Child's" because of the postmaster, Bert Childs, was on a Star Route, during '83 and '84, when a carrier delivered the mail daily from Ballard by the way of Child's Station, to Los Alamos and return.

It was during this period that the stage was routed over the San Marcos, and through Foxen Canyon to Santa Maria, thus cutting off the Buell area and Los Alamos. Samuel Lyons carried the mail during the period of isolation, and many and varied were his experiences, as 1884 was the wettest year in the Valley's history. The rainfall was reported anywhere

from 50 to 60 inches.

William Budd, brother-in-law of R. T. Buell, came to the ranch in 1891, where he worked. It was through his efforts and through the efforts of Ella Minich Budd, who became his wife in 1917, that a post office was established and that it received its present name. With their petition for the post office they submitted the name "Buell," but as there was a town of that name in Oregon, the name Buellton was suggested. Mr. Budd received his commission as postmaster on December 17, 1920, and for 24 years served in that capacity.

Santa Ynez

ACK IN THE FALL of 1882, Santa Ynez became a thriving village, with several stores, a post office, several saloons, a barber shop, harness shop, millinery shop, a drug store, and a number of dwellings.

There was quite a rivalry between the "New Town," Santa Ynez, and the old established town of Ballard (some two years or less older). The story is related of a signboard placed half way between the towns which read "1½ Miles to Virgin City," the finger pointing toward Ballard, and the other reading "1½ Miles to Buzzard's Glory," with the finger pointing to Santa Ynez. That was all in the lighter vein, of course, and one can look back with happy remembrance to the fine, upstanding, and generous people throughout the valley who lived at a time when a man would give "the shirt off his back" to help a neighbor in distress.

The seeming jealousies were only petty ones, and underneath ran the fine true stream of friendliness.

About the time Los Olivos began to grow, Santa



COLLEGE HOTEL, Santa Ynez. Built in 1891 at a cost of \$30,000.
Was destroyed by fire in 1935.

Ynez was also hoping for the Southern Pacific to come through the valley, with Santa Ynez on the survey line.

Talk of the S. P. buying up the narrow gauge added to the excitement. Instead of coming through the valley and tunneling through the Santa Ynez range of mountains, the very direct route to Santa Barbara, the company elected to go by the coast.

It was during this period of expectancy that the College Hotel was built by the College Land Syndicate in the heart of the town of Santa Ynez. It was opened for guests in 1889, and was one of the most imposing architectural structures this side of Santa Barbara.

A study of an old register of the hotel reveals much of the early history of the valley suggested by recorded names.

The hotel became widely known and was the stopping place for visitors from all parts of the United States and from many points of the world.

The first record dated October, 1891, includes the names of R. J. Broughten (county sheriff), George Culbertson, P. E. Labouchere Hillyer, Harold E. Spence, F. G. Lingham, L. Carter, A. L. Canfield, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Grace Martin, F. A. Blake, J. B. Pina, all of Santa Barbara.

Francisco Ontiveros, P. B. Ontiveros, Patricio Ontiveros, H. S. Keeley, Albert Simpson, A. L. Pickles, Salvador Ontiveros, C. E. Moore, Santa Maria; H. E. Bates, W. H. Harvey and wife, H. U. Langhlin, Blandiva Ruiz, J. Will Graham and J. A.

Bingham, Los Alamos.

Also, J. E. Saunders, G. E. De Vose and E. B. Hill, Lompoc. F. Wickenden and wife, Sisquoc. H. S. Sutcliffe and F. Pattison, San Luis Obispo.

Others registering during the first months came from San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Menlo Park, Chicago, Santa Monica and Santa Cruz. Among these were some closely connected with the historic background and development of the valley. One finds the name of Thomas W. Moore and wife, San Francisco, owners of the great "Las Lomas de la Purificacion" Rancho, which included what is now known as the San Lucas and the Juan y Lolita Ranches (Mitchell Ranch).

Ralph Selby, of San Francisco, pioneer olive man of the valley, registered frequently. An olive mill was erected on his ranch, La Mesita, near the Mission, and the oil so produced was widely known as a superior product.

One remembers the handsome young man, and his beautiful wife, during their residence here, and the effect of the news of his tragic death by his own hand on a San Francisco beach shortly after the death of his wife.

The name of Captain Staddon, commonly known as "Cap" Staddon, reminds one that he pioneered in the development of the quick silver mines, in the Cachuma country, in the San Rafael mountains, the site of the present mines.

J. S. Seavers will be remembered by early day baseball fans as "Jud" Seavers, who pitched for the

valley baseball nine and won fame for them as a team. Before the coming of Jud Seavers, Louis Janin, then a 16-year-old lad, son of Louis Janin, state mineralogist at one time, really fired the local boys with an ambition that was long-lived. Louis introduced the curve ball, and had the opposing teams in a state of frenzy trying to find out how he struck out all comers.

Another name appearing frequently was Hiram Pierce of San Francisco, who, with his brother, Ira, owned the great San Marcos and Alisal Ranches.

The name McNealey recalls "Old Mac" wharfinger at Gaviota for many years. All the farmers knew "Old Mac." He was a person of authority. Through his efforts shipping rates were kept at a minimum.



TO RETURN AGAIN to the register of the College Hotel, one is surprised that so many tourists found their way into the valley when one recalls the mode of travel and the condition of the roads.

On many occasions large groups from Chicago, Boston, New York, and visitors from many other well-known cities, covering some 30 different states, stopped for a while at the hotel. Other countries represented were England, Germany, Italy, France, Scotland, Austria, Mexico, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and Japan.

The register book also gives a picture of some of the attractions of the period. "Paul Boulan and Happy Dick Turner" and their troop stayed overnight and gave a "Musical Novelty and Comedy" entertainment. Then again the "Ward Dramatic Company" presented a "College Opera." Martin and Selig and their colored minstrels gave a "One Night Performance," and the "Lompoc Minstrels" came over to the valley and had lunch at the hotel and gave the community an evening of entertainment.

Beside musical entertainers, other types came, and perhaps made enough money to pay their hotel bills and to move on to the next location. The "Wonder Medicine Company" gave a free entertainment, featuring high wire walking, and depended on the sale of their product to keep the "wolf from the door."


Then there was "Litchfield's Oddities Company

and Canine Annex," with Professor Casanova as master of ceremonies.

A Salvation Army group from Los Angeles and Pasadena registered for a few days, and conducted religious meetings.

The register, too, revealed the development of the country. In June, 1893, one learned that the Sunset Telephone Company construction men had arrived and were busy connecting the valley with the outside world. Railroad men, too, registered and high hopes were held that the "gap" would be closed.

Los Olivos, Narrow Gauge

T WAS a great event when the Narrow Gauge Railway connected Port Hartford (Port San Luis) with what is now Los Olivos. Here was a real boom town, with excitement and all that follows the coming of the railroad.

In 1882 the road was completed from Point Hartford into Los Alamos, a distance from Los Olivos of some 17 miles, and in 1887 the line was continued and terminated in what is now Los Olivos. The West Coast Land Company secured the surrounding lands and laid it off in tracts and lots. The station was given the name of Los Olivos, after the Los Olivos Rancho property of Alden March Boyd, pioneer olive grower of the valley.

The story of the first excursion train was related by Wilbur O. Barnes, one of five brothers and a sister, who came from Illinois at an early date and established homes in the valley.

It was, he said, a train made up of all available cars, passenger, freight and flats. The cars were well filled with people, getting on from all along the line, so well had the sale of lots been advertised. Barnes

recollected that the month was November, and that the country was beautifully green. Unfortunately, rain began falling, and by the time the train had reached the end of the road rain was coming down in sheets.

The company had engaged a man to drive prospective buyers over the tract, and a stage coach was pressed into service. The soil in that locality is adobe, and the mud rolled up in great sheets, so that the wheels of the coach could not be distinguished. A few lots were sold, he said, but most of the people remained in the cars, protected from the weather, and ate the lunches they had brought with them.

For over 50 years the road remained, and for many years was considered one of the best paying lines in the West. Its advent was hailed with joy in the valley. It was freely predicted that here would be the center of all industry and population.

For this reason the first Presbyterian Church in the valley was built on the hills near the growing town instead of in Ballard, as originally planned. A large memorial window was on the wall back of the pulpit for Dr. George Giespie, the first person to be buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, which was the first public burying ground in the entire area.

The West Coast Land Company, operating the tract, built a three-story hotel of many rooms on the hills southeast of the budding town, and did a thriving business for several years; it was destroyed by fire and not rebuilt. The roundhouse burned down shortly after, and was not rebuilt either.

Mattei's Hotel



Mattei's HOTEL, originally called Central Hotel (now Mattei's Tavern), was built in the late '80s, and now, greatly modernized, has definitely put Los Olivos on the map. It is widely known as a popular resort for tourists, sportsmen, and week-end guests. Some of the rooms have been kept in their original state. One may go up the narrow stairway into a long hall with small rooms on each side, furnished with coal oil lamps, wash bowl and pitcher, and the simple bureaus and beds.

One of the front bedrooms which overlooked the street and was larger than the others was a great favorite with the "drummers" who made Mattei's their headquarters while "drumming" up trade throughout the valley. It was common for them to telegraph ahead for this reservation (telephones were an unknown luxury).

The town began to grow with the coming of a number of families from the middle west.

Fred Lang of Los Olivos was connected with the train service for 25 years, from the height of its




MATTEI'S TAVERN, Los Olivos. Built in 1887.

glory, until it became so reduced that the run was made only to hold the franchise.

For 12 years he was engineer, after serving an apprenticeship as fireman. He was conductor, and after the force was cut, was baggageman, brakeman, and express messenger—all in one.

Man Hunt

N EARLY DAYS of Los Olivos a store, several saloons, and a livery stable flourished. A station house was among the first buildings. A telegraph office was operated there. One of the first operators, Fred Hoar, met a tragic death in the line of duty.

Three men entered the building where he was busy at the key one morning, and demanded that he "throw up his hands." He did not immediately respond and was fatally shot.

The killer, with his companions, escaped and at the end of a county-wide manhunt was apprehended in a small cabin on the Santa Rosa Ranch in the lower Santa Ynez Valley. Sheriff Broughten of Santa Barbara was notified, and capturing the men, drove them into Los Olivos, the scene of the crime. Following the vehicle were long lines of ever-increasing, grim-faced, silent horsemen in procession. They halted and surrounded Mattei's Hotel, where the criminals were placed in a room. There was one thought in the minds of the mob, and that was to

string the men up in the nearest tree. By a clever strategy, Broughten succeeded in getting the men out by the back door, and was well on his way to Santa Barbara before their disappearance was discovered.

Thus ended the greatest manhunt in the annals of Santa Ynez Valley. The murderers received long prison terms.



STEP BY STEP progress has marched on, and motored vehicles and paved roads gradually put the railroad out of business. The iron rails were torn up, the ties sold to those who came to buy, and no longer was heard in "Keenan's Cut" the never-to-be-forgotten whistle of the engine, which reverberated through the canyons, and echoed from the hills.

The last remnant of the railroad to be razed was the old trestle between Los Olivos and Zaca Station. The timbers of the trestle structure were purchased by a group of farmers from the Pacific Coast Railway Company.

It is estimated that some 200,000 feet of material was used in the construction of the trestle. The timbers were of unusual size, and could not be obtained now except on special order. They measured 10x12 inches and 44 feet in length. The uprights were 8x14 inches, and 32 feet long. The stringers measured in

proportion. The lumber was converted into usable lengths for farm construction.

Los Olivos has ceased to be a railroad town, and is now a community of homes.

Solvang



LONG ABOUT 1911 came the forerunner for the establishment of a Danish colony in the Santa Ynez Valley.

After continued search for lands on which to establish such a colony, a location near the Santa Ines Mission was decided upon.

Then came the Danes with their open-faced sandwiches, afternoon coffee, and an Old World culture and who brought also a new era of prosperity to the valley.

It came about in this manner, when early in 1911 a group of Danish educators met in San Francisco to form a Danish-American corporation, with the idea of founding a Danish colony in California.

They planned to establish a school or college, patterned after the Danish college in Grand View, Iowa. Three men on the committee, Rev. J. M. Gregersen, Rev. B. Nordentoft, and P. P. Hornsyld, were connected with this college. After the corporation was formed, they began a detailed search for a location that would qualify as to climate, a po-



ATTERDAG COLLEGE, Solvang

tential water supply, and fertility of soil. They felt that they had found these united virtues in the Santa Ynez Valley. Added to these attractions was the natural beauty lavishly bestowed on this region.

Old Mission Santa Ines (1804), which had stood so long, keeping solitary vigil and enjoying the peaceful atmosphere, was to see many changes in a few year's time. What were then green pastures, flower-decked fields and waving grain, each in its season, became, in time, a thriving village.

The West Coast Development and Land Company, which operated in the area, had purchased 10,000 acres of the great San Carlos de Jonata Ranch. Nine thousand acres of these holdings were sold to the Danish committee.

True to their intentions, a two-story building was erected which served as a school for three years. Due to the efforts of Rev. Nordentoft, Atterdag (meaning "Other Day"), was built in 1920. Atterdag College was privately owned until the new church was built in 1921; then it became the property of the Danish Lutheran congregation. In 1921, Rev. Evald Kristensen became the head of the College and the curriculum was changed to conform to that of the Danish Folk School of Nysted, Neb., the only one of its kind in America. The school brought educators, artists and lecturers from institutions of learning from all parts of the United States and the Scandinavian countries.

The flourishing little village named Solvang, which means "Sunny Field," then came into being.

A thorough advertising campaign brought families and individuals from the Mid West, Northern California, Washington and Oregon. Not all who came settled in the town, but chose one of the other four towns or bought farming land in the countryside.

Today, the town of Solvang is not exclusively Danish. Nor are all the business places operated by Danish people.

At one time of year, however, most every one "goes Danish" to celebrate "Danish Days," a period of feasting, entertainment, dancing, a colorful and looked-for event, the highlight of which is the Aebleskiver breakfast on Main Street.

Neither are the buildings exclusively Danish.

Outstanding examples of Danish architecture are the Danish Lutheran Church, Atterdag College, the grammar school building, Copenhagen Square, several other business houses, and a few private homes, like that of Viggo Brandt-Ericksen. There is no set type of architecture in the valley. Some have kept in mind Old Mission Santa Ines, a distinct and beautiful type, and have built accordingly.

The new prosperity which the Nielsens, the Petersens, the Iversens, the Johnsens, the Madsens, the Christensens, and all the rest of these fine people brought, has come to stay.

Thus was fulfilled a prophecy made about 1887 by a young newspaper reporter: "There will arise in the shadow of Old Mission Santa Ines, a town which will far surpass any of those already estab-



BRANDT-ERICHSEN HOME AND STUDIO, Solvang — an attraction to tourists.

lished."

People of wealth have found the valley, have secured lands and built for themselves homes where they live and follow the type of life most pleasing to them. The simple life has proven to be the abundant life, not only for those of wealth, but for those in moderate circumstances.

Things which have tended to bring people to the valley are the Alisal Guest Ranch and the Zaca Lake Resort. To those who know the background of the Alisal Ranch or who have seen Zaca Lake in all its pristine beauty and have known the forest primeval, there remains a charm which time and change cannot erase.

Pioneer Homes



NE CANNOT CLOSE this book of memories without giving a glimpse of pioneer homes in the early '80s, some of which still stand.

Houses were constructed of the box type of buildings of rough redwood boards which were wide and free from knots. Lumber was difficult to obtain and the builder made the most of what he could get. The outside cracks were battened to keep out the weather. The buildings were seldom painted, although sometimes whitewashed.

In the interior, the partitions and the floors were made of rough lumber. There were no floor coverings until such time as the family could sew enough rags together to make a rag carpet. A woman living in the valley, a Mrs. Crowell, did the weaving at so much a yard. When these strips were sewn together they made a nice covering. If one wanted the room to be extra nice, straw was put under the carpet, a goodly quantity, to make it springy. Much of the furniture was home-made in those early days, bedsteads with slats across on which rested puffy straw-



OLD MISSION SANTA INES — during period of 1880 - 1890.

filled bedticks. If one had been fortunate enough to have brought a feather bed from some more luxurious home in the East, it was placed upon the straw tick and here was comfort indeed. Bed sheets were made of unbleached muslin. It was a long process of bleaching by stretching them on the green grass in the spring, as no other bleach was known in this particular home best known to the author of this story. The mother of the family "broke" water with wood ashes to soften it for washing. She made her own soap and washed on a washboard, wringing the clothes by hand. To wash heavy things like quilts and blankets, the children of the family trampled the soil out in a big tub of soapy water and several clean waters for a rinse. The water was squeezed out as much as possible. A hot sun did the rest of the drying. If one had a big copper boiler to hang over an outdoor fire, boiling clothes with soap and kerosene added, helped to make them clean. The wood stove was an important part of early day living. It required a lot of cooperation. The father and big boys (if any) chopped the wood, the children brought in kindling bark, chips and filled the wood box with wood. The mother did a fine and satisfying job in cooking and baking. She, of course, baked all the bread and pies and cookies and cake.

To heat the "sad" irons on the wood stove and to iron the clothes was a long, hot job. Unless something very vital interfered, Monday was wash day and Tuesday "ironing day." The kitchen floor had no covering. The rough boards (unplaned) were

scrubbed with a brush on hands and knees.

There were no screens. Various kinds of "fly traps" thinned out the pests a little. The baby's cradle was covered with mosquito netting to protect him when asleep.

The cradle had rockers and one could read and rock the cradle at the same time.

Reading matter was scarce. The family of which I write took the "Harpers Young People" and the "Youth's Companion"; for a weekly paper, the "Chicago Inter-ocean." The boarder took the "Interior," a Presbyterian religious paper. The papers were carefully saved and used to paper the walls of the house. One got a lot of extra reading that way.

The boarder? In the small three-room house with an attic, there was room for a boarder. She was given the parlor. It came about this way:

She came from the same part of Pennsylvania as did the family. She had brought her husband, Dr. Gillespie, on to California for his health. The trip over the Rocky Mountains was too much for him and he died the next day after arrival. His is the first burial in "Oak Hill Cemetery."

Naturally, his widow came to the only ones she knew in California. She said of the household, "They shared their poverty with me."

Poverty? The family felt as if they were rich indeed—a roof to cover them, clothing to wear, and food to eat. The children were healthy, happy and felt secure.

The father worked from daylight until dark and



BALLARD ADOBES TODAY — served as stagecoach stop in early days.

was seldom idle. The mother's hours were even longer, sewing and patching, knitting and darning until bedtime.

It was really family living with few outside things to divert.

In a pioneer community neighbors helped one another. They acted as nurses at time of birth and in sickness. When death came, it was the neighbor men who made the coffins, the women who performed the last offices and covered and lined the coffins. It was the men who dug the grave and the women who laid their tribute of garden flowers and comforted the mourners.

Home amusements were playing checkers, or authors, or listening while the father read aloud.

Down through the years is the music of the poems of Robert Burns, resounding, that a "Man is a Man for a' that," or the sympathy poured out on a mouse, a "Poor wee, timorous beastie," or the words of "The Cotters Saturday Night."

They were good days and it was a privilege to have lived in them and to have been a part of growing up with the country. If one had any part in it, he would remember the old dasher churn, all made of wood, the golden flecks of butter that appeared around the dasher, and the joyful time when the dasher would "stand alone" on the golden treasure inside. One will remember the tin cup of fresh buttermilk, a reward for the work of churning. There was the butter bowl and the paddle which shaped the butter into rolls, part of which would be sold to the

store in exchange for other commodities.

Nearly every family had a cow. Those who did not have one could buy milk at three cents a pint and butter at 15 cents a pound.

What would the housewife today think of being transported into "yesterday" with no electricity, no telephone, no radio, no television, no automobile? How would she get along without her electric appliances? And yet people who lived in those days speak of them as "The Good Old Days."

Postlude



ONE ARE the horse and buggy days and all the charm connected therewith. Gone are the days of fenceless fields and ranches which offered so much freedom of wandering up hill and down dale and to picnic wherever one wanted to stop. One no longer sees great droves of "long-horned" cattle, nor big bands of sheep being driven down to the nearest shipping point, knee deep in dust.

Gone is the friendly butcher, who with his meat wagon stopped thrice weekly at one's door to deliver steaks at 12½ cents a pound and other cuts, as well, and to give with your purchase well padded soup bones, or a big heart or a pound or two of liver.

Gone are the days when \$30.00 a month-and-found was top wages on a ranch with days length from 4 a.m. and earlier to 8 p.m. and later.

Fifteen dollars a month was good wages for a woman who did housework and \$60 a month was a high wage for a school teacher. Of this she paid

from twelve to fifteen dollars a month for room and board. One must remember, however, that living costs were proportionately low.

Times have changed and one remembers with affection the *old* friends who are growing fewer, as the years go by.

Hearts do not change and here in the valley of the Santa Ynez, as elsewhere, one finds the quality of friendship, like the quality of mercy, "Blessed him that gives and him that takes."

The gates of memory close slowly and we linger to catch a glimpse of the days gone by that we are pleased to term "The Good Old Days."



— FINIS —

LEADER

